

A Trip to the Orient on the Steam Ship "Cincinnati"--- by Peter Brack

Following is the first installment of this story, which will be continued weekly until completed.

We left the New York wharf sharp at 11 a. m. in a heavy fog and had to lay to, for over an hour, and then the fog lifted somewhat and we started on our way to Maderia. There were a large number of all sorts of craft, big and little steamboats, peeping in and out of the fog so that it was quite interesting to watch them, their horns blowing every minute, the small boat and the big one, seeing which could outdo the other. We have 376 passengers on board. We are all looking for lunch, the first meal on board. I have not met my fellow roomer. The lunch bell is rung and I go to the dining room. It is a beautiful one, the table with silver and flowers everywhere. I have been given seat No. 30 at the table, between two young ladies, to whom I have not been introduced to as yet. The bill of fare was very extensive, but for me as you know, a few plain things met my wants. At 3 p. m. our pilot left. It was quite rough at the time and to see the way he left the ship to get into his own little boat, he was let down in a sort of a chair, attached to a rope, then the little boat carried him and two men to a little steamer that was waiting for him.

3 p. m. The wind is raising and the whole of the heavens is covering over with heavy masses of black clouds, the sea is of a dark gray color with short choppy waves, no land in sight and no vessel of any description to be seen, we seem to be alone on the great desert of an ocean. The night was a very rough one and those that enjoyed being rocked to sleep by the rolling of the ship, slept well, and those that were suffering from sea sickness were kept awake by the terrors of the rolling deep. This morning, Sunday, the 30th, I was on deck a little after seven and saw the sun struggling through a dark bank of clouds, where its light struck the cold dark waves, all the shades of blue and opal were brought out in all their beauty, the waves were high and broken into rounded hills, and the ship climbing over them and dipping into their ravine like divides. The scene as a whole was beautiful but cold and dreary. We have dinner at seven p. m., and during the serving of many courses there is a string band, discoursing beautiful music. They do not seem to observe the Sabbath as far as I could learn all the people seemed to go on in the usual every day manner. There are a large number of Germans on board, or German Americans. The people are lounging on deck chairs and waited on by the stewards supplying them with drink (lemonade and beef tea) and tid bits every hour. The ship is one vast hive of cabins, I do not think they carry any freight. There are four decks each lined with cabins, the whole length of the ship. Everybody is well served, the stewards are obedient themselves.

We have had another night on board and wonder of wonders I slept like a top all night, it was eight o'clock before I knew it was morning. After breakfast I went up on deck, the sun was shining and the water was calm, everybody was cheerful and the seasick one was hopeful, in fact that sunshine was giving new

life to all. During the last 24 hours we made a run of 387 mi. That is what I call fast traveling. Everybody is eating all day long. I have to keep myself well in hand. I take a little breakfast and lunch a little more at dinner then a grand meal at 7 p. m. We are all laying around or walking in the sun today. We have not seen a ship, boat or any living thing outside of our vessel since we left Sandy Hook. We are always looking at the sea, you never tire in doing so, in its thousand and one shapes and shades of color. The night is dark, with heavy clouds and a head wind, here and there, and through the drifting clouds a star may be seen. The people are walking around the upper deck which is one-eighth of a mile around, or lying on stretched out chairs. The bugle has sounded the first call to dinner and night has set in. We take a full hour to dinner, with the music and the slow serving of the various courses, the time is fully taken up.

Retired to bed at 10:30 with our mind made up to turn out at 7 a. m., behold the results, it is a quarter past eight. When you realize that another day has come dress quickly and run to the dining room, among the ample dishes you take a half of a grape fruit, porridge toast and coffee. Then on to the top deck to see all the beauties of the first day of February 1910, no sail or living thing to be seen. Our run is given out about 10 o'clock and it is 379 miles. What a vast place is the ocean that we traveled so many days, nearly one thousand and forty miles and never seen a vessel or living thing. Nearly everybody you meet on board have been great travelers, some have been on this cruise more than once. We had a grand ball on the promenade deck after dinner and it was kept up until 11:30 o'clock. I enjoyed the music and watching the dancers. The night was showery, but the promenade deck was well protected by the lashed canvas above the bulworks. The whole cabin walls from the deck were decorated with flags, they even had a Canadian flag hung in honor of some Canadians on board the ship.

At dinner the salon was well filled as the sick ones are now out in force. February 2nd. A beautiful morning. Had a good night, turned in about 10:30 o'clock and was up at 7:30, the day was largely spent in planning our side trip, the large majority are taking all the company's side trips. I am still with the few that are going to hunt alone. It appears that we are ahead of time, which chimes well with the Yankee idea of traveling. I am never tired of watching the people eating, they seem to me, to be doing it all day and evening, the stewards are without ceasing all day serving to every passenger, the lemonade, beef tea, biscuit, sweet cakes, all free.

We had during the afternoon and night head winds with a choppy sea.

Thursday, February 3rd. Still head winds and choppy sea. Several hats and caps were lost overboard today. Our run at 12 m. was 342 miles, the shortest run we ever had. The number



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of employees are 430 and the number of passengers 375. I am informed that there is room on board for 800 passengers, so we are not over crowded. Tomorrow if all is well we expect to sight the shores, and that view, will help us to feel that we are connected with the world. For four days we have not seen a vessel or a living thing, sky and water alone. We had another ball last night and the dancing was kept up to a late hour and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much. The night was a bright starry one, but with a strong head wind.

Friday, February 4th. At 6:30 my room mate informed me that land was in sight. As soon as I could dress I was up on deck, and just as I reached there I saw at a distance of three or four miles a long ridge of land and at one point way up in the clouds a rounded top of a mountain they say is 7420 feet above the sea. The shores and up the slope of the ridge were here and there dotted with white houses with divided fields behind them, in all shapes and angles, with a sort of wall between them. These islands are called Azores, some of them are from 2 to 40 miles long and from 5 to 14 miles wide. All the houses are painted white, a few red with facings around the door and windows, with white churches with tall spires. There were windmills painted red and white, here and there among the houses.

These islands grow tobacco and oranges. Much wine is made here and is called Maderia wine very strong and rich. I do not know what kind of material the houses are built of, but it looks like stone. However, all looked beautiful to the eye, after so many days looking at the water alone. At one point there seemed to be a large town about a mile long with many churches and large buildings. All their harbors seemed to be open to the sea. During the evening in the dark we passed St. Michael island, the largest of the Azores, 40 miles long and about 14 miles wide. We had a warm and soft air. On going on deck after breakfast this morning I saw what I thought at first to be a large coarse sack in the water, but to my surprise on looking closer at it, discovered that it was a living creature, a turtle, in fact about 18 inches or two feet long and about 14 inches broad, of a straw color, and there it was swimming in all its glory, the first living thing I had seen this trip in this great ocean.

February 6th, 1910. Was up at 6:30 a. m. After a salt bath went on deck and there was the island of Maderia full in view, a long hogs back, indented with

mountains probably 6000 feet high, tapering toward the east. As we approached we saw hundreds of small white houses with red tiled roofs. There were several small towns in little clefts of the rocks along the shore. When we reached the city of Tuxtepec after breakfast we were entertained by a lot of men and boys, to the number of fifty, who came out in about twenty boats, with only white cotton pants on, they would yell at us, who were about forty feet above them, to throw a coin into the sea, and then they would dive with great rapidity and catch it, it was marvelous to see how rapidly they would get the coin, they kept that up as long as they could get any one to throw a coin in the water. All of us went ashore in steam launches. When we landed at the landing place we started to go up town, of course it is all up and up. We saw a lot of bullock sledges, the "Caro" covered and two upholstered seats for hire, and even before you see these you see boys and girls coming up to you holding out their hands for pennies. This is kept up everywhere thru the town and up the mountain roads. There is also a small street car drawn by three horses and holding about eight persons. This takes you up about a mile to the mountain railway station. We, however, walked up so that we might see the stores and the people. Although it was Sunday all the stores were open. They had all sorts of goods for sale outside, and it appeared to me that everyone sold wine by the bottle or glass. There was a great amount of embroidery hanging outside, and fancy wicker work. The store keeper or his men would be outside to stop you and invite you inside to buy. After we reached the station we took the train for the mountain heights. The train is composed of two open cars and an engine to shove us up, with the help of a center cog rail. All along the road were villas, every quarter of an acre white concrete walls and tiled roofs, the land covered with sugar cane, house and trees with vines, oranges, lemons and the dividing stone or concrete fences covered with flowers, and over the caves would be vessels for vines. Every inch of ground is utilized in some form or other, every place is terraced in some shape or other and that is cultivated; every spring, creek or other source for water supply is caught and conveyed into the pools and passed from one garden to the other. The houses with their balconies look beautiful. I saw at several places boys flying kites from some elevated spot. There is no level ground for foot-

ball or any other kind of sport. At the terminus of the railway we had a wonderful sight of the whole town below and all the harbor. There was also a beautiful park containing many kinds of palms and other semi-tropical plants, flowers everywhere. With all these beautiful things on hand and beautiful harbor, and such ideal weather, I was not surprised to hear one man say that if Paradise is as lovely as Funcheal in Maderia, he would be quite satisfied. I came down the mountain in a toboggan, or as it is called cairbus with two other gentlemen, it was managed by two guides, we did the two miles in about twenty-five minutes, the road we came down was about 12 feet wide and along the whole road were houses and stores. We then took a tour of inspection of the residential district. The streets were from 4 to 12 feet wide on either side were houses and stores with little gardens attached. We saw into a largenumber of houses the large number of houses the doors being open and people on the stairs, and in the many houses we only saw one that was dirty. The houses, streets, yards and gardens were all clean, the people also. Everything is clean. They charge all kinds of prices to travelers. We paid seventy five cents for our lunch and ten cents for a glass of wine. Speaking of wine, on our way down from the mountains the guides would stop at every wine shop and ask us to treat them to wine. There is no Sabbath here, the people are brought up in ignorance. I was told by a gentleman who seemed to know what he was talking about, that last year they spent only \$3,000 on education in a city of 50,000, the boys and girls have nothing to do but go about asking the strangers that come to the island for pennies. There is a very large gambling place here. I did not see it but many of our passengers were there and lost or won much money. The island of Maderia is about 30 miles long and about 13 miles wide, containing about 170,000 people. Funcheal, the largest town on the island.

We left Maderia on Monday, February 7th at 4 a. m. and started for Cadiz, Spain, with the band playing the national hymn. To show the cupidity of the people let me mention a little instance that took place on our round trip on the mountain tour. Myself and two gentlemen purchased three tickets, each ticket had four coupons one for the bullock drive up the first part of the mountain, one for the railway, one for a lunch at the top, and for the toboggan ride down. We walked up to the railway looking at the shops and when

we came by the toboggans, which only carried us to where we took the railway, and where the ox-teams were, we wanted to go down on our last coupon on a sled, but no, they would not take us without we gave them 1 cent more as the coupon served for the first part of the journey. We would not submit to their terms so we walked down. Next day one of the gentlemen suggested that we use the coupon by taking a bullock ride up the first part of the mountain. We all fell in with this suggestion, and we had the ride and then walked down again. The distance is about one and one half miles. We left Maderia at 4 o'clock Monday February 7th. We had a good night and a good day on Tuesday and arrived sharp on time Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock. During our passage from Tuxtepec, Maderia, to Cadiz, we only saw two vessels. Cadiz from the ship, looks like a city of white marble. After breakfast we were embarked on a trader and landed on the quay about 10 o'clock a. m.

(Continued next week.)

Sausages to His Majesty.

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card.

Number One then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling could not be guaranteed.

Number Two's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the King."

In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words: "God Save the King."

Ladies Wanted!

One lot ladies fine shoes, regular \$3.00, 3.50 and \$4.00 quality, in patent colt and gun metal calf, sizes 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2, 5 and 8.

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